SAINT PAUL

Frederic W. H. Myers

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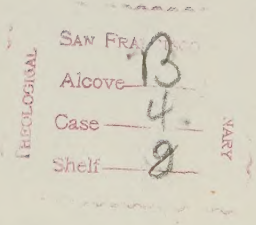

MYERS

SAINT PAUL

WATSON

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F. W. H. MYERS

SAINT PAUL

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

E. J. WATSON.

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BY E. J. WATSON

PLEAS OF THE CROWN
A TALE OF WULSTAN
TO THE SOURCES OF THE CLITUMNUS
SAN MINIATO

EDITED:—

MY GARDEN AND OTHER POEMS
BY JOHN GREGORY

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PREFACE.

Saint Paul is the first poem that Mr. Myers published, and is the one by this author which may be termed 'popular.' Between its appearance in 1867, and 1901, the year in which the poet died, sixteen editions and reprints appeared. Mr. Myers was constantly polishing and repolishing the poem. He added as many as twenty-one new verses, and discarded seventeen of the original. By his excisions Mr. Myers sacrificed stanzas that readers of the earlier copies loved and had no wish to forget. The object of the present edition is to restore these to their former settings.

My notes have been made to show how closely the poet followed the spirit, and in many instances, the language of S. Paul.

When I have gone beyond the *Epistles* of the apostle for my illustrations, except for fewer than a dozen references, I have confined myself to the Bible.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. Myers and of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for their kind permission to use for this volume all the copyright editions of *Saint Paul.* This indulgence has enabled me to print every stanza of the poem that Mr. Myers wrote.

E. J. WATSON.

INTRODUCTION.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS was born at Keswick in 1843. Educated at Cheltenham and Trinity College, Cambridge, he subsequently became a Classical Lecturer at his University. In 1872 he was appointed a school inspector under the Education Department. In 1867 he published *Saint Paul*; in 1870 *Poems*; in 1880 *Wordsworth*, in the *English Men of Letters* series, and *Shelley*, in Ward's edition of *The English Poets*; in 1881 *Essays, Classical and Modern*, 2 vols.; and in 1882 *The Renewal of Youth and other poems*. After this date his purely literary work lessened. In 1882 he helped to found the Society for Psychical Research and thenceforth most of his published writings were concerned with psychological studies.

Phantasms of the Living appeared in 1886, and *Science and a Future Life* in 1893. He died in Rome in 1901. *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death* and *Fragments of Prose and Poetry* were published posthumously.

There are three great religious poems which shine forth like beacons from the centuries in which they were written,—*La Divina Commedia*, *Paradise Lost*, and *La Fin de Satan*, the last unfortunately unfinished, and it has taken six hundred years to produce them. But our heritage is rich in noble poems, which, although inferior to those named, speak with unerring voice the message of faith and salvation to the weak and suffering. In saying this I entirely disregard hymns, for they stand on an altogether different plane. When one names the *Te Deum*, the *Dies Iræ*, and the *Stabat Mater*, the list of sublime Christian lyrics is well-nigh exhausted. In the English language there is nothing to compare with them. Matthew Arnold has truly said, that ' so far as poetry is concerned the *Book of Praise* is a monument of a nation's weakness.' And the reason is not hard to seek. The great hymn writers come from Mount Zion, but the great poets come from Mount Parnassus. Mr. Myers was a poet in the truest

sense, hence it is that *Saint Paul* has lived for nearly half a century, and will continue to live so long as there are readers who can appreciate stately music, passionate thought, and subtlety of expression.

The foundation of the work is the *Epistles* of S. Paul, the letters which, in the opinion of Mr. George Moore, portray a human soul more vividly than ever a human soul has been portrayed in literature. There is nothing in S. Paul's life which cannot be found somewhere in them. They are the personal confession and the poignant cry of a man who literally ached with love for souls. The apostle expressly repudiated any claim to literary style (1 *Cor.* ii. 4). His writings were addressed in most cases to those who had already come under his influence and had profited by his teaching. He was an exhorter rather than a philosopher. No observation is to be found in his compositions indicating that he was moved by the beauties of nature, and in no place is there a trace of any affection for art. S. Paul was the transcendent teacher who taught that man is born again into a new life by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The Christain is believed by him to have experienced actually the death and resurrection of Christ, and to have become

a new man, and received spiritual gifts.

Before writing *Saint Paul* Mr. Myers had steeped himself in the works of the apostle, but the poet possessed the glorious gift that the saint disclaimed. The truth preached by S. Paul has probably never been excelled by any human being, but he preached it without æsthetic emotion or ecstatic eloquence. Mr. Myers faithfully repeated the same truth, but as John Addington Symonds said, 'his manner of saying it was original, impressive, indicative of a strongly marked personality and a conscious theory of literary art.' Like a true artist the poet worked with S. Paul's material, but with a difference. He made the apostle leave the pulpit and took him—was it to the little house in the Via Lata in Rome?—to meditate as in the hollow of his heart, and there, as George Meredith so finely put it, 'to give utterance in various moods to the intense aspirations, the fiery belief, which animated him for his work.'

In every way Mr. Myers has made the poem worthy of the theme. The music of the verse entrances and its art never divorces itself from the spirit of S. Paul. What an admirable triumph of remembered sensation is this picture, for instance :

How have I seen in Araby Orion,
Seen without seeing, till he set again,
Known the night-noise and thunder of the lion,
Silence and sounds of the prodigious plain!

How have I knelt with arms of my aspiring
Lifted all night in irresponsive air,
Dazed and amazed with overmuch desiring
Blank with the utter agony of prayer!

No one will deny that in stanzas such as these the poet saw more than the apostle beheld. The mastery of the language compels us to accept the vision. All doubt is swallowed up in the glory of song.

How beautiful and how original are the following unforgetable lines depicting an episode that no one but a seer could see and a poet cast into song:

Lo as some bard on isles of the Aegean
Lovely and eager when the earth was young,
Burning to hurl his heart into a paean,
Praise of the hero from whose loins he sprung;—

He, I suppose, with such a care to carry,
Wandered disconsolate and waited long,
Smiting his breast, wherein the notes would tarry,
Chiding the slumber of the seed of song:

Then in the sudden glory of a minute
Airy and excellent the proëm came,
Rending his bosom, for a god was in it,
Waking the seed, for it had burst in flame.

Here the immaculate rhythm and rapturous rhyme leap forth from the alliterative stanzas and vibrate with passion. The conception of the scene is so wonderful and real, and the grasp is so sure, that it thrills the senses and astounds with its power.

In the *Epistles* of S. Paul Mr. Myers had literary material to work upon that a poet could polish. The rugged rock might be wrought to a dazzling diamond. Far different would it have been if he had attempted to tamper with the peerless poetry of the Old Testament. No English poet, however great, has ever done, nor could he have ever succeeded in doing, justice to the *Psalms*, to *The Book of Job*, or to *Isaiah*. The faultless and incomparable prose of these works renders it impossible for the greatest genius to touch them without lessening their lustre. But the six stanzas on Divine Love contained in this poem (page 45) show that it is possible for a poet and artist to take periphrastic passages from the New Testament and convert them into a work of art. Commencing at

> Surely one star above all souls shall brighten

and reading on to

> Death Thine eternity, the Cross Thy power

one finds the subject so idealized that the blindest eyes see and the deafest ears hear. It is a canticle of ravishing beauty built up of sweetness and simplicity. The heavenly harmony is like unto the angels' hymn.

With equal power and exquisite restraint Mr. Myers alludes to Our Blessed Lady. In all reverence and humility he pays homage to the beautiful and lowly maiden predestined to be the Mother of God, and in glorious and dignified language he tells us that God came not to the rich or ruling, to men full of meat, or to fools grown insolent in fooling:

> Nay but to her who with a sweet thanksgiving
> Took in tranquillity what God might bring,
> Blessed Him and waited, and within her living
> Felt the arousal of a Holy Thing.

In a marked degree Mr. Myers possessed the power of giving in a few magic lines a symbol and a solution, a scene and the eternal verity that it contained. I know no portion of the poem which more distinctly and dramatically proves this fact than the canto (page 32) beginning:

> See, when a fireship in mid ocean blazes
> Lone on the battlements a swimmer stands,
> Looks for a help, and findeth not, and raises
> High for a moment melancholy hands;

Then the sad ship, to her own funeral flaring,
Holds him no longer in her arms, for he
Simple and strong and desolate and daring
Leaps to the great embraces of the sea.

Tragedy and destruction, isolation and courage flame throughout the lines, but pulsating in the pregnant words is a whisper of splendid hope for body and for soul. Then from the lips of the saint the noble lesson falls:

So when around me for my soul's affrighting
Madly red-litten of the woe within,
Faces of men and deeds of their delighting
Stare in a lurid cruelty of sin,

Then let me feel how infinite around me
Floats the eternal peace that is to be,
Rush from the demons, for my King has found me,
Leap from the universe and plunge in Thee!

But the poem is so full of countless beauties and sublimities that to point them all out would be to quote the whole. In writing it Mr. Myers chose every word for its sound value and its colour value, but the words never obscure the sense. The impeccable rhythms roll out in marvellous melody. The poet played upon his lyre as upon a divine instrument, finely attuned, and Lydian measures and siren strains, cadences and stately tones, floated from the strings with astonishing ease and

consummate excellence. Mr. Myers had a message and he delivered it, he had a mission and he fulfilled it—even as did S. Paul. And S. Paul, at the close of his life, when his teaching and his preaching had found ultimate and complete expression, might well have said in the very words of the poet :

> Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
> He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed :
> Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
> Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

And on the day of his martyrdom it was the sufficiency of Christ that comforted the apostle when he bade farewell to S. Peter on the Via Sacra, and Christ sufficed him when he bound his eyes with the veil of Plautilla, and bared his neck to the executioner at the spot then known as 'Ad Aquas Salvias,' and looked his last look on this world, but his first on God.

SAINT PAUL.

SAINT PAUL

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

CHRIST! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you,
Ay, for me too He greatly hath sufficed:
Lo with no winning words I would entice you,
Paul has no honour and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me
Waketh Him workers for the great employ,
Oh not in solitude, if souls that hear me
Catch from my joyaunce the surprise of joy.

Hearts I have won of sister or of brother
Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod,
Lo every heart awaiteth me, another
Friend in the blameless family of God.

What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning,
Lovers, and women whom their song enrols?
Faint to the flame which in my breast is burning,
Less than the love wherewith I ache for souls.

Oh ye are kind, I shall abide and teach you,
Ye will not fail as men have failed before,
Seek me and leave, ashamed when I beseech you,
Ever less loving as I love the more.

Yet it was well, and Thou hast said in season
'As is the master shall the servant be':
Let me not subtly slide into the treason,
Seeking an honour which they gave not Thee;

Never at even, pillowed on a pleasure,
Sleep with the wings of aspiration furled,
Hide the last mite of the forbidden treasure,
Keep for my joys a world within the world;—

Nay but much rather let me late returning
Bruised of my brethren, wounded from within,
Stoop with sad countenance and blushes burning,
Bitter with weariness and sick with sin,—

Then as I weary me and long and languish,
Nowise availing from that pain to part,—
Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish
Forced thro' the channels of a single heart,—

Straight to Thy presence get me and reveal it,
Nothing ashamed of tears upon Thy feet,
Show the sore wound and beg Thine hand to heal it,
Pour Thee the bitter, pray Thee for the sweet.

Then with a ripple and a radiance thro' me
Rise and be manifest, O Morning Star!
Flow on my soul, thou Spirit, and renew me,
Fill with Thyself, and let the rest be far.

Safe to the hidden house of Thine abiding
Carry the weak knees and the heart that faints,
Shield from the scorn and cover from the chiding,
Give the world joy, but patience to the saints.

Saints, did I say ? with your remembered faces,
Dear men and women, whom I sought and slew !
Ah when we mingle in the heavenly places
How will I weep to Stephen and to you !

Oh for the strain that rang to our reviling
Still, when the bruised limbs sank upon the sod,
Oh for the eyes that looked their last in smiling,
Last on this world here, but their first on God !

Let no man think that sudden in a minute
All is accomplished and the work is done;--
Though with thine earliest dawn thou shouldst begin it
Scarce were it ended in thy setting sun.

Oh the regret, the struggle and the failing!
Oh the days desolate and useless years!
Vows in the night, so fierce and unavailing!
Stings of my shame and passion of my tears!

How have I seen in Araby Orion,
Seen without seeing, till he set again,
Known the night-noise and thunder of the lion,
Silence and sounds of the prodigious plain!

How have I knelt with arms of my aspiring
Lifted all night in irresponsive air,
Dazed and amazed with overmuch desiring,
Blank with the utter agony of prayer!

'What,' ye will say, 'and thou who at Damascus
Sawest the splendour, answeredst the Voice,
So hast thou suffered and canst dare to ask us,
Paul of the Romans, bidding us rejoice?'

Shame on the flame so dying to an ember!
Shame on the reed so lightly overset!
Yes, I have seen Him, can I not remember?
Yes, I have known Him, and shall Paul forget?

I, even I who from the fleshly prison
Caught, (I believe it but I dare not say,)
Rose to the mid light of the Lord arisen,
Woke to the waking rapture of the day,—

Ah they are shut, the ears of my divining,
Sealed are the eyes that should have seen Him then :
Look what a beam from the Beloved shining !
Look what a night of treasonable men !

What was their tale of some one on a summit,
Looking, I think, upon the endless sea,—
One with a fate, and sworn to overcome it,
One who was fettered and who should be free?

Round him a robe, for shaming and for searing,
Ate with empoisonment and stung with fire,
He thro' it all was to his lord uprearing
Desperate patience of a brave desire.

Ay and for me there shot from the beginning
Pulses of passion broken with my breath;
Oh thou poor soul, enwrapped in such a sinning,
Bound in the shameful body of thy death!

Well, let me sin, but not with my consenting,
Well, let me die, but willing to be whole:
Never, O Christ,—so stay me from relenting,—
Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul.

Oft shall that flesh imperil and outweary
Soul that would stay it in the straiter scope.
Oft shall the chill day and the even dreary
Force on my heart the frenzy of a hope :—

Lo as some ship, outworn and overladen,
Strains for the harbour where her sails are furled ;—
Lo as some innocent and eager maiden
Leans o'er the wistful limit of the world,

Dreams of the glow and glory of the distance,
Wonderful wooing and the grace of tears,
Dreams with what eyes and what a sweet insistence
Lovers are waiting in the hidden years ;—

Lo as some venturer, from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes,

Yea to the end, in palace or in prison,
Fashions his fancies of the realm to be,
Fallen from the height or from the deeps arisen,
Ringed with the rocks and sundered of the sea ;—

So even I, and with a pang more thrilling,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Yearn for the sign, O Christ ! of Thy fulfilling,
Faint for the flaming of Thine advent feet.

Ah what a hope ! and when afar it glistens
Stops the heart beating and the lips are dumb ;
Inly my spirit to His silence listens,
Faints till she finds Him, quivers till He come.

Once for a night and day upon the splendid
Anger and solitude of seething sea
Almost I deemed mine agony was ended,
Nearly beheld Thy Paradise and Thee,—

Saw the deep heaving into ridges narrow,
Heard the blast bellow on its ocean-way,
Felt the soul freed and like a flaming arrow
Sped on Euroclydon thro' death to day.

Ah but not yet He took me from my prison,—
Left me a little while, nor left for long,—
Bade as one buried, bade as one arisen
Suffer with men and like a man be strong.

What can we do, o'er whom the unbeholden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope?
What but look sunward, and with faces golden
Speak to each other softly of a hope?

Can it be true, the grace He is declaring?
Oh let us trust Him, for His words are fair!
Man, what is this, and why art thou despairing?
God shall forgive thee all but thy despair.

Truly He cannot, after such assurance,
Truly He cannot and He shall not fail;
Nay, they are known, the hours of thine endurance,
Daily thy tears are added to the tale:

Never a sigh of passion or of pity,
Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,
Has not its archive in the angels' city,
Finds not its echo in the endless song.

Not as one blind and deaf to our beseeching.
Neither forgetful that we are but dust,
Not as from heavens too high for our up-reaching,
Coldly sublime, intolerably just:—

Nay but Thou knewest us, Lord Christ Thou knowest,
Well Thou rememberest our feeble frame.
Thou canst conceive our highest and our lowest,
Pulses of nobleness and aches of shame.

Therefore have pity!—not that we accuse Thee,
Curse Thee and die and charge Thee with our woe:
Not thro' Thy fault, O Holy One, we lose Thee,
Nay, but our own,—yet hast Thou made us so!

Then tho' our foul and limitless transgression
Grows with our growing, with our breath began,
Raise Thou the arms of endless intercession,
Jesus, divinest when Thou most art man!

Also I ask, but ever from the praying
Shrinks my soul backward, eager and afraid,
Point me the sum and shame of my betraying,
Show me, O Love, Thy wounds which I have made!

Yes, Thou forgivest, but with all forgiving
Canst not renew mine innocence again:
Make Thou, O Christ, a dying of my living,
Purge from the sin but never from the pain!

So shall all speech of now and of to-morrow,
All He hath shown me or shall show me yet,
Spring from an infinite and tender sorrow,
Burst from a burning passion of regret:

Standing afar I summon you anigh Him,
Yes, to the multitudes I call and say,
'This is my King! I preach and I deny Him,
Christ! whom I crucify anew to-day.'

See, when a fireship in mid ocean blazes
  Lone on the battlements a swimmer stands,
Looks for a help, and findeth not, and raises
  High for a moment melancholy hands;

Then the sad ship, to her own funeral flaring,
  Holds him no longer in her arms, for he
Simple and strong and desolate and daring
  Leaps to the great embraces of the sea,

So when around me for my soul's affrighting,
  Madly red-litten of the woe within,
Faces of men and deeds of their delighting
  Stare in a lurid cruelty of sin,

Then let me feel how infinite around me
Floats the eternal peace that is to be,
Rush from the demons, for my King has found me,
Leap from the universe and plunge in Thee!

Thou with strong prayer and very much entreating
Willest be asked, and Thou shalt answer then,
Show the hid heart beneath creation beating,
Smile with kind eyes and be a man with men.

Were it not thus, O King of my salvation,
Many would curse to Thee and I for one,
Fling Thee Thy bliss and snatch at Thy damnation,
Scorn and abhor the shining of the sun,

Ring with a reckless shivering of laughter
Wroth at the woe which Thou hast seen so long,
Question if any recompense hereafter
Waits to atone the intolerable wrong:

Is there not wrong too bitter for atoning ?
What are these desperate and hideous years ?
Hast Thou not heard Thy whole creation groaning,
Sighs of the bondsmen, and a woman's tears ?

Yes, and to her, the beautiful and lowly,
Mary a maiden, separate from men,
Camest Thou nigh and didst possess her wholly,
Close to Thy saints, but Thou wast closer then.

Once and for ever didst Thou show Thy chosen,
Once and for ever magnify Thy choice ;—
Scorched in love's fire or with his freezing frozen,
Lift up your hearts, ye humble, and rejoice !

Not to the rich He came or to the ruling,
(Men full of meat, whom wholly He abhors,)
Not to the fools grown insolent in fooling
Most, when the lost are dying at the doors ;

Nay but to her who with a sweet thanksgiving
Took in tranquillity what God might bring,
Blessed Him and waited, and within her living
Felt the arousal of a Holy Thing.

Ay for her infinite and endless honour
Found the Almighty in this flesh a tomb,
Pouring with power the Holy Ghost upon her,
Nothing disdainful of the Virgin's womb.

East the forefront of habitations holy
Gleamed to Engedi, shone to Eneglaim:
Softly thereout and from thereunder slowly
Wandered the waters, and delayed, and came.

Then the great stream, which having seen He showeth,
Hid from the wise but manifest to Him,
Flowed and arose, as when Euphrates floweth,
Rose from the ankles till a man might swim.

Even with so soft a surge and an increasing,
Drunk of the sand and thwarted of the clod,
Stilled and astir and checked and never-ceasing
Spreadeth the great wave of the grace of God;

Bears to the marishes and bitter places
  Healing for hurt and for their poisons balm,
Isle after isle in infinite embraces
  Floods and enfolds and fringes with the palm.

Ay and afar to realms and to recesses
  Seen in a storm, discovered in a dream,
Fields which no folk nor any power possesses,
  Oceans ungirdled of the ocean-stream :—

Yes or if loose and free, as some are telling,
  (Little I know it and I little care,)
This my poor lodge, my transitory dwelling,
  Swings in the bright deep of the endless air,—

Round it and round His prophets shall proclaim Him,
  Springing thenceforth and hurrying therethro',—
Each to the next the generations name Him,
  Honour unendingly and know anew.

Great were his fate who on the earth should linger,
Sleep for an age and stir himself again,
Watching Thy terrible and fiery finger
Shrivel the falsehood from the souls of men.

Oh that Thy steps among the stars would quicken!
Oh that Thine ears would hear when we are dumb!
Many the hearts from which the hope shall sicken,
Many shall faint before Thy kingdom come.

Lo for the dawn, (and wherefore wouldst thou screen it?)
Lo with what eyes, how eager and alone,
Seers for the sight have spent themselves, nor seen it,
Kings for the knowledge, and they have not known.

Times of that ignorance with eyes that slumbered
Seeing he saw not, till the days that are,
Now, many multitudes whom none hath numbered,
Seek Him and find Him, for He is not far.

Ay and ere now, a triumph and a token,
Flown o'er the severance of the sundering deep,
Came there who called, and with the message spoken
Followed the wandering and the ways of sleep.

Ay and ere now above the shining city
Full of all knowledge and a God unknown
Stood I and spake, and passion of my pity
Drew Him from heaven and showed Him to His own.

Heard ye of her who faint beneath the burthen
Strained to the Cross and in its shadow fell ?
Love for a love, the angels' for the earthen,—
Ah, what a secret for the heavens to tell !

She as one wild, whom very stripes enharden,
Leapt many times from torture of a dream,
Shrank by the pallid olives of the garden,
Groves of a teacher, and Ilissus' stream :

Then to their temple Damaris would clamber,
Stood where an idol in the lifted sky
Bright in a light and eminent in amber
Heard not, nor pitied her, nor made reply.

Thence the strong soul, which never power can pinion,
Sprang with a wail into the empty air ;
Thence the wide eyes upon a hushed dominion
Looked in a fierce astonishment of prayer :

Looked to Hymettus and the purple heather,
  Looked to Peiræus and the purple sea,
Blending of waters and of winds together,
  Winds that were wild and waters that were free.

So from the soft air, infinite and pearly,
  Breathed a desire with which she could not cope,
Could not, methinks, so eager and so early,
  Chant to her loveliness the dirge of hope ;

Could not have done with weeping and with laughter
  Leaving men angry and sweet love unknown ;
Could not go forth upon a blank hereafter
  Weak and a woman, aimless and alone.

Therefore with set face and with smiling bitter
  Took she the anguish, carried it apart ;—
Ah, to what friend to speak it ? it were fitter
  Thrust in the aching hollows of her heart.

Then I preached Christ : and when she heard the story,—
Oh, is such triumph possible to men ?
Hardly, my King, had I beheld Thy glory,
Hardly had known Thine excellence till then.

Thou in one fold the afraid and the forsaken,—
Thou with one shepherding canst soothe and save ;
Speak but the word ! the Evangel shall awaken
Life in the lost, the hero in the slave.

Thou from on high perceivest it were better
All men and women should on earth be free :
Laws that blaspheme and tyrannies that fetter
Snap and evanish at the touch of Thee.

Where is the soul with which Thou wilt not tarry,
Raise from her nothingness and love her long ?
His, shall I say ? who to the end must carry
Hid in his body the extremest wrong ?

Nay, but for him a birth and a baptizing
Came in the fair flow of the stranger stream,
Whence he arose as when a seer arising
Wears in his eyes the wonder of a dream.

Gone was the saint, nor staying for another,
Home thro' the wilderness he read and ran,
Bought and adopted, and in Christ a brother,
Claimed and completed, and in Christ a man.

Surely one star above all souls shall brighten
Leading for ever where the Lord is laid;
One revelation thro' all years enlighten
Steps of bewilderment and eyes afraid.

Us with no other gospel Thou ensnarest,
Fiend from beneath or angel from above!
Knowing one thing the sacredest and fairest,—
Knowing there is not anything but Love.

Ay, and when Prophecy her tale hath finished,
Knowledge hath withered from the trembling tongue,
Love shall survive and Love be undiminished,
Love be imperishable, Love be young.

Love that bent low beneath his brother's burden,
How shall he soar and find all sorrows flown!
Love that ne'er asked for answer or for guerdon,
How shall he meet eyes sweeter than his own!

Love was believing,—and the best is truest;
Love would hope ever,—and the trust was gain;
Love that endured shall learn that Thou renewest
Love, even Thine, O Master! with Thy pain.

Not in soft speech is told the earthly story,
Love of all Loves! that showed Thee for an hour;
Shame was Thy kingdom, and reproach Thy glory,
Death Thine eternity, the Cross Thy power.

Oh to have watched Thee thro' the vineyards wander,
Pluck the ripe ears, and into evening roam !—
Followed, and known that in the twilight yonder
Legions of angels shone about Thy home !

Thunder the message that to me Thou gavest ;
Writ with the lightning in the skies it ran ;
Shepherd of souls ! it is not thus Thou savest ;
Nay, but with sorrows of the Son of Man.

Ah with what bitter triumph had I seen them,
Drops of redemption bleeding from Thy brow !
Thieves, and a culprit crucified between them,
All men forsaking Him,—and that was Thou !

Yea, He arose, yet first He had descended,
Plunged like a man into the deep of birth ;—
Have not we also with our glory blended
Night and dishonour and a weight of earth ?

Let the trump sound ! and from the spirit shaken,
See, this corruptible shall fade and fall ;
Let the quick hear it and the sleepers waken,—
Changed in a moment, and the Lord in all !

Prophet and image of the Lord's transition,
Where shall ye wait us, whither will ye tend ?—
Moses, Elias, on the Mount of Vision
Shown with eyes silent, wist ye of the end ?

Changed and the same and lost and rearisen,
What is the secret that ye fain would say ?
Souls paradisal to the souls in prison
Speak but a word while it is called To-day !

Oft when the Word is on me to deliver
  Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare ;
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
  Melts in a lucid Paradise of air,—

Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
  Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
  Sadly contented in a show of things ;—

Then with a rush the intolerable craving
  Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call, —
Oh to save these ! to perish for their saving,
  Die for their life, be offered for them all !

Once for the least of children of Manasses
God had a message and a deed to do,
Wherefore the welcome that all speech surpasses
Called him and hailed him greater than he knew;

Asked him no more, but followed him and found him,
Filled him with valour, slung him with a sword,
Bade him go on until the tribes around him
Mingled his name with naming of the Lord.

Also of John a calling and a crying
Rang in Bethabara by Jordan's flow;
Art thou the Christ? they asked of his denying;
Art thou that Prophet? and he answered, No.

John, than which man a sadder or a greater
Not till this day has been of woman born,
John like some lonely peak by the Creator
Fired with the red glow of the rushing morn.

This when the sun shall rise and overcome it
Stands in his shining desolate and bare,
Yet not the less the inexorable summit
Flamed him his signal to the happier air.

So with the Lord: He takes and He refuses,
Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,
Wise ones nor mighty for His saints He chooses,
No, such as John or Gideon or I.

He as He wills shall solder and shall sunder,
Slay in a day and quicken in an hour,
Tune Him a music from the Sons of Thunder,
Forge and transform my passion into power.

Ay, for this Paul, a scorn and a despising,
Weak as you know him and the wretch you see,—
Even in these eyes shall ye behold Him rising,
Strength in infirmities and Christ in me.

Often for me between the shade and splendour
Ceos and Tenedos at dawn were grey ;
Welling of waves, disconsolate and tender,
Sighed on the shore and waited for the day.

Then till the bridegroom from the east advancing
Smote him a waterway and flushed the lawn,
God with sweet strength, with terror, and with trancing,
Spake in the purple mystery of dawn.

Oh what a speech, and greater than our learning !
Scarcely remembrance can the joy renew :
What were they then, the sights of our discerning,
Sorrows we suffer, and the deeds we do ?

Lo every one of them was sunk and swallowed,
Morsels and motes in the eternal sea;
Far was the call, and farther as I followed
Grew there a silence round the Lord and me.

Oh could I tell ye surely would believe it !
Oh could I only say what I have seen !
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been ?

Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail nor falter,
Nay but I ask it, nay but I desire,
Lay on my lips Thine embers of the altar,
Seal with the sting and furnish with the fire ;

Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining,—
Oh let my sound be stormy in their ears !
Throat that would shout but cannot stay for straining,
Eyes that would weep but cannot wait for tears.

Quick in a moment, infinite for ever,
Send an arousal better than I pray,
Give me a grace upon the faint endeavour,
Souls for my hire and Pentecost to-day!

Lo as some bard on isles of the Aegean
  Lovely and eager when the earth was young,
Burning to hurl his heart into a paean,
  Praise of the hero from whose loins he sprung ;—

He, I suppose, with such a care to carry,
  Wandered disconsolate and waited long,
Smiting his breast, wherein the notes would tarry,
  Chiding the slumber of the seed of song :

Then in the sudden glory of a minute
  Airy and excellent the proëm came,
Rending his bosom, for a god was in it,
  Waking the seed, for it had burst in flame.

So even I athirst for His inspiring,
I who have talked with Him forget again;
Yes, many days with sobs and with desiring
Offer to God a patience and a pain;

Then thro' the mid complaint of my confession,
Then thro' the pang and passion of my prayer,
Leaps with a start the shock of His possession,
Thrills me and touches, and the Lord is there.

Lo if some pen should write upon your rafter
Mene and mene in the folds of flame,
Think ye could any memories thereafter
Wholly retrace the couplet as it came?

Lo if some strange intelligible thunder
Sang to the earth the secret of a star,
How should ye catch, for terror and for wonder,
Shreds of the story that was pealed so far?

Scarcely I catch the words of His revealing,
Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand,
Only the Power that is within me pealing
Lives on my lips and beckons to my hand.

Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny:
Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving
Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

Ay, tho' Thou then shouldst strike him from his glory
Blind and tormented, maddened and alone,
Even on the Cross would he maintain his story,
Yes and in hell would whisper, I have known.

God, who at sundry times in manners many
Spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
Eager to find if ever or if any
Souls will obey and hearken to His will ;—

Who that one moment has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are,—

Ay amid all men bear himself thereafter
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes ?—

God, who whatever frenzy of our fretting
Vexes sad life to spoil and to destroy,
Lendeth an hour for peace and for forgetting,
Setteth in pain the jewel of His joy :—

I am persuaded that no thing shall sunder
Us from the love that saveth us from sin,
Lift it or lose hereover or hereunder,
Pluck it hereout or strangle it herein.—

Gentle and faithful, tyrannous and tender,
Ye that have known Him, is He sweet to know ?
Softly He touches, for the reed is slender,
Wisely enkindles, for the flame is low.

God, who when Enoch from the earth was hidden
Saved him from death and Noe from the sea,
Chose Him a people for His purpose bidden,
Found in Chaldæa the elect Chaldee,—

God, who His promise thro' the ages keeping
Called him from Charran, summoned him from Ur,
Gave to his wife a laughter and a weeping,
Light to the nations and a son for her,—

God, who in Israel's bondage and bewailing
Heard them and granted them their heart's desire,
Clave them the deep with power and with prevailing,
Gloomed in the cloud and glowed into the fire,

Fed them with manna, furnished with a fountain,
Followed with waves the raising of the rod,
Drew them and drave, till Moses on the mountain
Died of the kisses of the lips of God ;—

God, who was not in earth when it was shaken,
Could not be found in fury of the flame,
Then to His seer, the faithful and forsaken,
Softly was manifest and spake by name.

Showed him a remnant barred from the betrayal,
Close in his Carmel, where the caves are dim,
So many knees that had not bent to Baal,
So many mouths that had not kissèd him,—

God, who to glean the vineyard of His choosing
Sent them evangelists till day was done,
Bore with the churls, their wrath and their refusing,
Gave at the last the glory of His Son :—

Lo as in Eden when the days were seven
Pison thro' Havilah that softly ran
Bare on his breast the changes of the heaven,
Felt on his shores the silence of a man :

Silence, for Adam, when the day departed
Left him in twilight with his charge to keep,
Careless and confident and single-hearted
Trusted in God and turned himself to sleep :

Then in the midnight stirring in his slumber
Opened his vision on the heights and saw
New without name or ordinance or number,
Set for a marvel, silent for an awe,

Stars in the firmament above him beaming,
Stars in the firmament, alive and free,
Stars, and of stars the innumerable streaming,
Deep in the deeps, a river in the sea ;—

These as he watched thro' march of their arising,
Many in multitudes and one by one,
Somewhat from God with a superb surprising
Breathed in his eyes the promise of the sun.

So tho' our Daystar from our sight be taken,
Gone from His brethren, hidden from His own,
Yet in His setting are we not forsaken,
Suffer not shadows of the dark alone.

Not in the west is Thine appearance ended,
Neither from dark shall Thy renewal be,
Lo, for the firmament in spaces splendid
Lighteth her beacon-fires ablaze for Thee ; —

Holds them and hides and drowns them and discovers,
Throngs them together, kindles them afar,
Showeth, O Love, Thy multitude of lovers,
Souls that shall know Thee and the saints that are.

Look what a company of constellations !
Say can the sky so many lights contain ?
Hath the great earth these endless generations ?
Are there so many purified thro' pain ?

These thro' all glow and eminence of glory
Cry for a brighter, who delayeth long ;
Star unto star the everlasting story
Peals in a mystic sanctity of song.

Witness the wonder when Thy saints assembled
Waited the message, and the message came;
Ay with hearts tremulous and house that trembled,
Ay with the Paraclete that fell in flame.

Witness the men whom with a word He gaineth,
Bold who were base and voiceful who were dumb:—
Battle, I know, so long as life remaineth,
Battle for all, but these have overcome.

Witness the women, of His children sweetest,—
Scarcely earth seeth them but earth shall see,—
Thou in their woe Thine agony completest,
Christ, and their solitude is nigh to Thee

What is this psalm from pitiable places
Glad where the messengers of peace have trod?
Whose are these beautiful and holy faces
Lit with their loving and aflame with God?

Eager and faint, empassionate and lonely,
These in their hour shall prophesy again :
This is His will who hath endured, and only
Sendeth the promise where He sends the pain.

Ay unto these distributeth the Giver
Sorrow and sanctity, and loves them well,
Grants them a power and passion to deliver
Hearts from the prison-house and souls from hell.

Thinking hereof I wot not if the portal
Opeth already to my Lord above :
Lo there is no more mortal and immortal,
Nought is on earth or in the heavens but love.

Hark what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air !
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing ?
Is it the music of His people's prayer ?

Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Call to the saints and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, I come.

This hath He done and shall we not adore Him?
This shall He do and can we still despair?
Come let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,
Cast at His feet the burthen of our care,

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,
Glad and regretful, confident and calm,
Then thro' all life and what is after living
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 13. *There is neither Jew nor Greek.*—*Gal.* iii, 28.

Page 13. *Christ! I am Christ's.*—"Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." 1 *Cor.* xi, 1.

Page 13. *Lo with no winning words I would entice you.*—"My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words." 1 *Cor.* ii, 4.

Page 13. *Paul has no honour.*—"For though I preach the gospel I have nothing to glory of." 1 *Cor.* ix, 16. S. John expresses a similar sentiment; "I receive not honour from men." *John* v, 41.

Page 13. *Lone on the land and homeless on the water.*—"Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." 2 *Cor.* xi, 25-27.

Page 14. *Lovers, and women whom their song enrols?*—In the 1867, 1868, and 1885 editions:

'Lovers and ladies whom their song enrols?'

Page 14. *Less than the love wherewith I ache for souls.*—"For I speak to you Gentiles, inasmuch as I am the apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office; if by any means I may provoke to emulation them which are my flesh, and might save some of them." *Romans* xi, 13, 14.

Page 14. *Oh ye are kind, I shall abide and teach you.*—This verse does not appear in the final edition.

Page 15. *'As is the master shall the servant be.'*—"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord." *Matthew* x, 25.

Page 16. *Then as I weary me and long and languish.*—This verse originally appeared after the verse beginning:

'So when around me for my soul's affrighting,'

Page 16. *Straight to Thy presence get me and reveal it.*—In the 1867 and 1868 editions:

'So to thy presence get me and reveal it.'

Page 16. *Morning Star.*—"I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." *Rev.* xxii, 16.

Page 17. *Saints, did I say? with your remembered faces*—In the 1868 edition and afterwards this line appeared as:

'Saint, did I say? with your remembered faces.'

Page 17. *Dear men and women, whom I sought and slew.*—These verses refer to the persecution of the Christians in Jerusalem by Saul. *Acts* viii, 1-4; ix, 1-9; xxii, 4, 5, 19; xxvi, 9-11.

Page 17. *Stephen.*—"And when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him." *Acts* xxii, 20.

Page 17. *Oh for the strain that rang to our revling.*—"And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep. *Acts* vii, 59-60.

Dante's beautiful lines on the martyrdom of S. Stephen are worth noting :—

> ' Poi vidi genti accese in foco d' ira,
> con pietre un giovinetto ancider, forte
> gridando a sè pur : "Martira, martira !"
>
> e lui vedea chinarsi, per la morte
> che l' aggravava già, in ver la terra,
> ma degli occhi facea sempre al ciel porte,
>
> orando all' alto Sire in tanta guerra,
> che perdonasse a' suoi persecutori,
> con quell' aspetto che pietà disserra.'
> *Purgatorio* xv, 106-114.

Page 18. *Araby.* — "But when it pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood: neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus." *Gal.* i, 15-17.

Page 18. *Orion.*—One of the southern constellations. *Job* ix, 9 ; xxxviii, 31 ; *Amos* v, 8.

Page 19. *' What,' ye will say, ' and thou who at Damascus '*—Since 1867 this verse has not appeared in any edition issued by the author.

Page 19. *Damascus.* — As Saul was journeying to Damascus, suddenly there shone round about him a light from heaven and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ? *Acts* ix, 1-9.

See *Conversion of S. Paul* in Christina Rossetti's *Verses*, p. 83.

'O Blessed Paul elect to grace,
Arise and wash away thy sin,
Anoint thy head and wash thy face,
Thy gracious course begin.
To start thee on thy outrunning race,
Christ shows the splendour of His Face:
What will that Face of splendour be
When at the goal He welcomes thee?'

Page 19. *Paul of the Romans.*—When Paul was taken prisoner in Jerusalem and bound with thongs, he said to the centurion, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned? . . . Then the chief captain came, and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He said, Yea. *Acts* xxii, 25-27.

Page 19. *Yes, I have seen him.*—"Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord." 1 *Cor.* ix, 1.

Page 19. *I, even I who from the fleshly prison.*—This and the next verse do not appear in the final edtion.

Page 21. *What was their tale of some one on a summit.*—Compare these two verses with the legend of Prometheus, son of the Titan Iapetus, and Clymene. His name signifies "forethought." He is represented as the great benefactor of men in spite of Zeus. He stole fire from heaven in a hollow tube, and taught mortals all useful arts. Zeus chained Prometheus to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where in the daytime an eagle consumed his liver, which was restored in each succeeding night. Prometheus was thus exposed to perpetual torture; but Hercules killed the eagle and delivered the sufferer.

Page 21. *Pulses of passion.*—"Sin, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence." *Romans* vii, 8.

Page 21. *Bound in the shameful body of thy*

death.—" O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?" *Romans* vii, 24.

Page 22. *Well, let me sin, but not with my consenting.*—"For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do." *Romans* vii, 18, 19.

Page 22. *Never . . . shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul.*—"If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." *Romans* viii, 13.

Page 23. *Lo as some innocent and eager maiden.*—Note the similarity of this and the next line to the first two lines of *The Blessed Damozel*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

'The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven..'

Page 24. *So even I, and with a pang more thrilling.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions the verse appears as below :

' So even I, and with a heart more burning,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, o Christ ! of thy returning
Faint for the flaming of thine advent feet.'

Page 24. *Thine advent feet.*— This refers to the second coming of Christ. "The Lord is at hand." *Philipp.* iv, 5. "The day of Christ is at hand." 2 *Thess.* ii, 2. The two Syrian words *Maran atha*— ' The Lord is at hand,' were the passwords amongst Christians,— the lively and short expression that they used to each other to encourage one another in their hopes. Renan, *S. Paul* ii, 69.

Page 25. *Ah what a hope ! and when afar it glistens.*—This and the three following verses do not appear in the 1867 and 1868 editions.

Page 25. *Once for a night.*—See the account of S. Paul's voyage to Rome as a prisoner in *Acts* xxvii.

Page 25. *Euroclydon.*—The tempestuous wind that caught the ship in which S. Paul was. *Acts* xxvii, 14.

Page 27. *God shall forgive thee all but thy despair.*—The same idea is well expressed by Edward Caswell in *A Masque of Angels:*

'Know that, among all miseries, despair
closing the gate of mercy, is the worst.'

Page 28. *Neither forgetful that we are but dust.*—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." *Genesis* iii, 19. On Ash Wednesday, when None is finished, the ceremony of blessing the ashes is performed, and before the mass the priest puts ashes on the clergy and laity saying:

"Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris."

Page 30. *Show me, O Love, Thy wounds which I have made.*—In the 1867 and 1868 editions:

'Show me, o Love, thy wounds that I have made.'

Page 30. *A dying of my living.*—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." *Philipp.* i, 21.

Page 31. *Yes, to the multitudes I call and say.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Yes, to the multitudes I shout and say.'

Page 31. *Christ! whom I crucify anew today.*—"Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh." *Hebrews* vi, 6.

Page 32. *See, where a fireship in mid ocean blazes.*—This and the three following verses do not appear in the 1885 or in the final edition. In the 1867 and 1868 editions the canto contained five verses. In the 1885 and in the final edition Mr. Myers excluded four of the beautiful verses and retained only that beginning:

'Then as I weary me and long and languish'

This verse he inserted in the second canto (page 16) after

'Nay but much rather let me late returning'

and there it appears in the 1885 and in the final edition.

Page 35. *Yes, and to her.*—The Annunciation of Our Lady. *Luke* i. 26-38.

Page 36. *A sweet thanksgiving.*— The Magnificat. *Luke* i, 46-55.

Page 36. *Nothing disdainful of the Virgin's womb.*—This line is almost an exact translation of a line in the *Te Deum*,

'Non horruisti Virginis uterum.'

Also in *Adeste Fideles*:—

'Gestant puellæ viscera.'

Page 37. *Engedi, Eneglaim.*—These were two towns in Judah, near the Dead Sea. *Ezekiel* xlvii, 10.

Page 37. *Wandered the waters.*— A reference to the vision of the holy waters. *Ezekiel* xlvii, 1.

Page 37. *Euphrates.*—A great river of Asia, consists in its upper course, of two branches, both of which rise in the mountains of Armenia. After their junction the river breaks through the main chain of the Taurus between Melitent and Samosata, and then flows through the plain of Babylonia, till it joins the Tigris about sixty miles above the mouth of the Persian Gulf.

Page 37. *Rose from the ankles till a man might swim,*—And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ancles. Again he measured . . . . the waters were to the knees . . . . Again he measured . . . . the waters were to the loins. Afterward he measured a thousand, and it was a river that I could not pass over, for the waters were risen, waters to swim in. *Ezekiel* xlvii, 3-5.

Page 38. *Bears to the marishes and bitter places.*—"But the miry places thereof and the marishes thereof shall not be healed: they shall be given to salt." *Ezekiel* xlvii, 11.

Page 38. *Floods and enfolds and fringes with the palm.*—This and lines following refer to the borders of the land that was to be inherited according to the twelve tribes of Israel. *Ezekiel* xlvii, 13-21.

Page 40. *The shining city.*—Athens.

'All the world is sweeter, if the Athenian violet quicken:
All the world is brighter, if the Athenian sun return:
All things foul on earth, wax fainter, by that sun's light stricken:
All ill growths are withered, where those fragrant flower-lights burn!'

A. C. Swinburne, *Athens, An Ode.*

S. Paul's renowned sermon, was preached on the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars where a celebrated Court was held—*Acts* xvii. The inscription on the altar, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD,' which S. Paul so appropriately made the text of his discourse, was adopted on the occasion of the city having been relieved from a pestilence; and they erected altars to 'the God unknown.' The existence of such altars is expressly mentioned by Lucian.

Page 41. *Heard ye of her.*—This and the following verses relate the legend of Damaris, a woman convert of S. Paul. *Acts* xvii, 34.

Page 41. *Ah, what a secret for the heavens to tell.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Lord and Redeemer surely it was well.'

Page 41. *Shrank by the pallid olives of the garden.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Shrank by the loathly olives of the garden.'

Page 41. *Ilissus.*—The Ilissus is a small river in

Attica, rising on the north slope of Mount Hymettus and flowing through the east side of Athens.

Page 41. *Then to their temple Damaris would clamber.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions the verse appears as below:

'Then to their temple Damaris would clamber,
High where an idol till the dawn was done
Bright in a light and eminent in amber
Caught the serene surprises of the sun.'

Page 42. *Hymettus.*—A mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey and its marble.

Horace, content with his own moderate fortune, says that ivory does not gleam within his dwelling, nor roof of fretted gold; nor do beams of Hymettus rest upon columns hewn in the uttermost parts of Africa. Here he is referring to the white marble from the quarries on the mount.

'Non ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar,
non trabes Hymettiae
premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa.'

Carminum ii, 18.

See also Milton, *Paradise Regained*, book iv, l, 247:

'There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur.'

Page 42. *Peiræus.*—The port of Athens was situated in the peninsula about 5 m. S.W. of Athens, and was united to the city by two long walls, one erected by Themistocles, and the other by Pericles, 456 B.C., which were destroyed by Lysander, 404 B.C. It was fortified by Conon, 393 B.C. The Peiræus was able to contain 400 Greek vessels.

At the present time, among the Oriental sects, it is usual for the clergy to bless the waters or river of a place at the Epiphany, and this service is regularly performed at Peiræus. A cross is brought in procession from the Cathedral and thrown into the sea by the

Metropolitan of Athens. The immersion is saluted by a salvo of artillery. Simultaneously a white dove with Greek colours attached to its neck is let loose. On the 19th January, 1916, for the first time on record, the ceremony was attended by the King.

Page 43. *Thou in one fold the afraid and the forsaken.*—"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." *John* x, 14-16.

The verse commencing with the above line does not appear in the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions.

Page 43. *Thou from on high perceivest it were better.*—This verse does not appear in the final edition.

Page 43. *All men and women should on earth be free.*—"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." *Gal.* v, 1. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." 2 *Cor.* iii, 17.

Page 43. *Where is the soul with which Thou wilt not tarry.*—This and the two following verses do not appear in the 1885 or in the final edition.

Page 45. *Surely one star above all souls shall brighten.*—Compare the *First Epistle General of John.* Chapters iii, iv, and v, explain the singular love of God towards us, in making us his sons, and exhort the brethren to love one another. See also 1 *Cor.* xiii, wherein is shown that all gifts, how excellent soever, are nothing worth without love. Here S. Paul writes the praises thereof, and prelation before hope and faith.

The verse commencing with the above line and the eight following verses do not appear in the 1867 and 1868 editions.

Page 45. *Knowing there is not anything but Love.*—Compare F. W. H. Myers, *The Renewal of Youth*, page 230:

> 'Live thou and love! so best and only so
> Can thy one soul into the One Soul flow,—
> Can thy small life to Life's great centre flee,
> And thou be nothing, and the Lord in thee.'

See, in Victor Hugo's *La Fin de Satan*, the harangue of the doctor of the law, who shows the carnage and bloody sacrifice that has taken place in honour of Jehovah; then note the beautiful interruption of Christ:

> 'Vengez Dieu par le glaive et vivez dans la crainte.
> Haïr ce que Dieu hait, peuple, c'est la loi sainte,
> La loi d'en haut, connue aux seuls fils de Lévi.—
>
> Un homme en ce moment, de douze hommes suivi,
> Blond, jeune, et regardé fixement par le prêtre,
> L'interrompit, et dit avec l'accent d'un maître:
>
> —Toute la loi d'en haut est dans un mot: aimer.
>
> —Peuple, cria le prêtre, on vient de blasphémer.—'

Page 47. *Pluck the ripe ears.*—See the incident recorded in *Matthew* xii, 1; *Mark* ii, 23; *Luke* vi, 1, of how Jesus went on the Sabbath day through the corn fields; and his disciples were an hungered, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat.

Page 47. *The Son of Man.*—A name and title given to Jesus Christ by Himself. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." *Matthew* viii, 20.

Page 48. *Yea, He arose, yet first He had descended.*—"Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens." *Ephesians* iv, 9, 10. "He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from

the dead; He ascended into heaven." *The Apostles' Creed.*

The verse commencing with the above line and the three following verses do not appear in the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions.

Page 48. *Let the trump sound.*—"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed." 1 *Cor.* xv, 51, 52.

Page 48. *Moses, Elias, on the Mount of Vision.*—"And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him." See the accounts of the Transfiguration of Christ in *Matthew* xvii, 1-13; *Mark* ix, 2-10.

Page 50. *Oft when the Word is on me to deliver.*—This and the two following verses do not appear in the 1867 and 1868 editions.

Page 51. *Once for the least of children of Manasses.*—This refers to Gideon, the son of Joas of the tribe of Manasses, who delivered the Israelites from the oppression of the Midianites. *Judges* vi, 14, 27; vii, 1-18; viii, 1-24. (*Vulg*).

Page 51. *Manasses.*—Manasses was the eldest son of Joseph and grandson of the patriarch Jacob, *Genesis* xli, 51. (*Vulg*). The tribe of Manasses came out of Egypt in number thirty-two thousand two hundred men, under the conduct of Gamaliel, son of Phadassur, *Numbers* ii, 20, 21. (*Vulg*). The tribe was divided in the land of promise, *Joshua* xvi, xvii. (*Vulg*).

Page 51. *Asked him no more, but followed him and found him.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Asked him no more, but took him as he found him.'

Page 51. *Bade him go on until the tribes around him.*—In the 1867 and 1868 editions:

'Bad him go on until the tribes around him.'

Page 51. *Also of John a calling and a crying.*—John the Baptist, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness." *Mark* i, 3; *John* i, 23.

In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions the verse appears as below:

'Also of John a calling and a crying
Rang in Bethabara till strength was spent,
Cared not for counsel, stayed not for replying,
John had one message for the world, Repent.'

Page 51. *Bethabara.*—A town on the Jordan where John baptized. *John* i, 28.

Page 51. *Art thou the Christ?*—"And this is the record of John, when the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, Who art thou? And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ. And they asked him, What then? Art thou Elias? And he saith, I am not. Art thou that prophet? And he answered, No." *John* i, 19-21.

Dante probably had this passage in mind when he wrote:

'Io non Enea, io non Paolo sono.'
Inferno ii, 32.

Page 52. *John, than which man a sadder or a greater.*—In the 1867 and 1868 editions:

'John, than which man a grander or a greater.'

Page 52. *John like some lonely peak by the Creator.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'John, like some iron peak by the Creator.'

Page 52. *So with the Lord: He takes and He refuses.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'This is His will: He takes and He refuses.'

Page 52. *Tune Him a music from the Sons of*

Thunder.—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Tune him a chorus from the Sons of Thunder.'

James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James were two of the apostles chosen by Our Lord, and He surnamed them Boanerges, which is the Sons of Thunder. *Mark* iii, 17.

Page 53. *Ay, for this Paul, a scorn and a despising.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions the verse appears as below:

'Ay, for this Paul, a scorn and a reviling,
Weak as you know him and the wretch you see,—
Even in these eyes shall ye behold His smiling,
Strength in infirmities and Christ in me.'

Page 54. *Ceos.*—An island in the Aegean; one of the Cyclades, between the Attic promontory Sunium and the island of Cythnus. Simonides and Bacchylides, his nephew, were born there. Bacchylides was the uncle of Æschylus.

Page 54. *Tenedos.*—An island in the Aegean, off Troas, and distant about 12 m. S. from the entrance of the Hellespont. The Greeks withdrew their fleet there during the Trojan war, in order to deceive the enemy and to receive the wooden horse. Xerxes used it as a naval station in the Persian war. It afterwards became a tributary ally of Athens. By the peace of Antalcidas it was surrendered to the Persians, but at the Macedonian conquest the Tenedians regained their liberty.

Page 54. *The bridegroom.*—The Sun.

Page 55. *Morsels and motes in the eternal sea.*—In the 1867 and 1868 editions:

'Morsels and motes in the prodigious sea.'

Page 58. *The Aegean.*—The Archipelago.

Page 59. *Mene and mene.*—Belshazzar the king made a great feast, and whilst it was in progress,

the fingers of a man's hand came forth and wrote on the wall of the king's palace these words: MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. The interpretation of MENE is: God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. *Daniel* v, 1, 5, 25, 26.

Page 59. *Think ye could any memories thereafter.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Think you could any memories thereafter.'

Page 59. *How should ye catch, for terror and for wonder.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Scarce could ye catch, for terror and for wonder.'

Page 60. *Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest.'

Page 60. *Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving.*—This and the next verse do not appear in the final edition.

Page 61. *Spake to the fathers.*—"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets." *Hebrews* i, 1.

Page 62. *I am persuaded that no thing shall sunder.*—"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." *Romans* viii, 38, 39.

This verse does not appear in the 1885 or in the final edition.

Page 62. *God, who when Enoch from the earth was hidden.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions this and the next verse appear as below:

'God who when Enoch on the earth was holy,
Saved him from death and Noe from the sea,
Planned Him a purpose that should ripen slowly,
Found in Chaldaea the elect Chaldee.

God, who for sowing of the seed therealter,
Called him from Charran, summoned him from Ur,
Gave to his wife a weeping and a laughter,
Light to the nations and a son for her.'

In the 1867 edition Enoch's name is spelt Enos.

Page 62. *Enoch.*—"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death ; and was not found . . . ." *Hebrews* xi, 5.

Page 62. *Noe.*—"By faith Noe, having received an answer concerning those things which as yet were not seen, moved with fear, framed the ark for the saving of his house." *Hebrews* xi, 7 ; *Genesis* vi, 14 ; *Ecclesiasticus* xliv, 17. (*Vulg*).

Page 62. *Chose Him a people.*—A reference to God's call to Abraham. *Genesis* xii, 1 *et seq.*

Page 62. *Chaldæa.*—The country lying on both sides of the Euphrates, of which Babylon was the capital ; and extending southwards to the Persian Gulf, and northwards into Mesopotamia, at least as far as Ur, which is called Ur of the Chaldees. This country had also the name of Shinar.

Page 62. *The elect Chaldee.* — Abraham. *Genesis* xi, 31.

Page 63. *Charran.* — A dwelling place of Abraham. *Acts* vii, 2-4.

Page 63. *Ur.*—The birth place of Abraham. Probably in Mesopotamia. *Genesis* xi, 28.

Page 63. *Gave to his wife a laughter and a weeping.*—When the angels announced that Abraham's wife, Sarah, would bear a child, Sarah who overheard the promise laughed, and the Lord reproached her. *Genesis* xviii, 10-15 ; xxi, 6 ; *Acts* vii, 5 ; *Hebrews* xi, 11.

Page 63. *A son for her.*—Isaac. *Genesis* xxi, 3; *Acts* vii, 8.

Page 63. *Israel's bondage.*—For an account of this see the book of *Exodus.*

Page 63. *Clave them the deep.*—The passage of the Red sea by the children of Israel. *Exodus* xiv, 16, 21.

Page 63. *Gloomed in the cloud.*—"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night." *Exodus* xiii, 21.

Cardinal Newman's noble poem *The Pillar of the Cloud* was inspired by this verse. It is better known by the title of *Lead, Kindly Light*, being the first three words of the first line.

Page 63. *Fed them with manna.*—God fed the children of Israel with quails and manna; and they ate manna for forty years, until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan. *Exodus* xvi, 11-36.

Page 63. *Furnished with a fountain.*—The children of Israel murmured for water, and Moses smote with his rod the rock before them, and water came out abundantly and they drank. *Numbers* xx, 1-11.

Page 63. *Moses on the mountain died . . . .* —Moses died on the top of Pisgah. *Deuter.* xxxiv, 1-7.

Page 63. *God, who was not in earth when it was shaken..* See the account of the failure of the prophets of Baal to get a sign from God. 1 *Kings* xviii, 22-29.

Page 63. *Then to His seer.*—Elijah prayed and the fire of the Lord fell. 1 *Kings* xviii, 30-39.

Page 64. *Close in his Carmel, where the caves are dim.*—On Carmel, Elijah successfully opposed the false prophets of Baal. 1 *Kings* xviii. Near by, at Mansur, is a cave where Elijah dwelt.

Page 64. *Pison.*—A river of Eden. *Genesis* ii, 11.

Page 64. *Havilah.*—A country encompassed by the river Pison.

Page 65. *Stars in the firmament.*—"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven . . . and . . . he made the stars." *Genesis* i, 14-18.

Page 65. *Stars, and of stars the innumerable streaming.*—See Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. vii, 358:

'And sow'd with stars the heav'n, thick as a field.'

Page 65. *Breathed in his eyes the promise of the sun.*—Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. vii, 370–375.

'First in the east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road: the gray
Dawn, and the *Pleiades*, before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence!'

Page 65. *Daystar.*—A name and title given to Jesus Christ. 2 *Peter* i, 19.

Page 66. *Neither from dark shall Thy renewal be.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions:

'Neither from night shall Thy renewal be.'

Page 66. *Showeth, O Love, Thy multitude of lovers.*—In the 1885 and in the final edition:

'Sheweth, o Love, Thy multitude of lovers.'

Page 66. *Look what a company of constellations!*—"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." *Daniel* xii, 3. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." *Matthew* xiii, 43.

Compare Dante, *Purgatorio* i, 73-75:

'Tu il sai; chè non ti fu per lei amara
in Utico la morte, ove lasciasti
la vesta che al gran dì sarà sì chiara.'

Page 66. *These thro' all glow and eminence of glory.*—This verse does not appear in the final edition.

Page 67. *Witness the wonder when Thy saints assembled.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions the verse appears as below :

' Witness the hour when many saints assembled,
Waited the Spirit, and the Spirit came ;
Ay with hearts tremulous and house that trembled,
Ay with cleft tongues, and the Holy Ghost, and flame.'

Page 68. *Hark what a sound, and too divine for hearing.*—"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him : for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." *Rev.* xix, 6, 7.

This verse does not appear in the final edition.

Page 69. *Call to the saints and to the deaf are dumb.*—In the 1867, 1868 and 1885 editions :

'Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb.'

Page 69. *Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning.*—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." *Hebrews* xiii, 8. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." *Rev.* xxii, 13.

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